

4th Doctor & K-9/Sarah: non-canonical

"Oh Sarah, Sarah, Sarah. Whatever am I going to do with you?"

"Well you could just try trusting me for once! How was I supposed to know the thingummyjig was important? You never said!"

The Doctor swung to face her as she glared at him, hands on her hips. He tutted and shook his head. "Mutiny in the TARDIS! I really can't have this, you know. I think what we need here is some discipline." He took Sarah's hand and dragged her toward the wicker chair in the far corner of the console room.

"Geroff!" shouted Sarah, "What do you think you're doing?"

The Doctor ignored her kicks and struggles, sitting himself comfortably on the chair and dragging Sarah down over his knee. Her violent attempts to get free actually stopped as she began to realise what he intended.

"Oh, no!" she almost whispered.

"Oh, yes," countered the Doctor. "I think a good spanking is just what you deserve."

"Well I don't!" Sarah futilely kicked her legs about, grunting with the effort to free herself.

"A deadlock! What do you think K-9?"

"Master?"

"I'm discussing with Sarah here whether or not she deserves to be spanked for giving away the thermo-nucleonic pion regulator. What's your opinion?"

"The regulator is essential to the continued functioning of the TARDIS."

"But I didn't know that!" shrilled Sarah.

"Therefore," continued the robot unemotionally, "it seems appropriate to issue a warning against a repetition of such a mistake."

"You see, Sarah. You're outvoted two to one." With that the Doctor brought his hand down across her squirming denim-clad rump with a loud crack.

"Yow!" yelled Sarah. "That hurt, you big bully!"

"Affirmative master."

"Now keep still, there's a good girl."

"I'll 'good girl' you... ow! Just you wait until you let me up from... aagh!" Sarah jerked at each stroke, her legs kicking helplessly and her long, dark hair whipping back and forth. The tight jeans she was wearing were thick enough to protect her from much of the impact, but she was surprised at the Doctor's strength, as well as humiliated by the undignified situation.

"How many was that?"

"Six!" shouted Sarah, "Now let me up or I'll make you so sorry..."

"Five, master."

"Ah, K-9 thinks it was only five, I'm afraid. I'm not sure that I'm having the desired effect. I wonder if those jeans should come off."

Sarah gasped and froze. "You wouldn't!"

"The efficacy of each blow would be increased by almost seventy-two per cent, Master"

"Seventy-two per cent! Why that's more than I expected.. I mean here I am, wearing out my hand, when each blow could be almost twice as efficient. It makes you think. It makes me think - doesn't it make you think, Sarah?"

Muttering under her breath, Sarah unbuckled her belt and unzipped her jeans. "One more, right?"

"Oh, I think one more would be sufficient."

Sarah writhed around on the Doctor's lap, struggling to pull the tight garment down over her thighs. Finally she succeeded, exposing a pair of white satin panties. "Okay, get it over with. And I'll get you back for this!"

"Now is that the attitude?"

Sarah heard a low rasping sound, but couldn't place what it was. "What are you waiting for?"

There was a swish, and she shrieked as her doubled up belt cracked against her sore bottom. The impact was so much greater than the simple hand smack that she was stunned, breathless and incapable of motion. All she could do was lie there and gasp as the throbbing in her buttocks burnt its way through her body.

"Punishment satisfactory, Master?"

"I believe so, K-9, I believe so."